

GET OFF THE WALK

A Jury Convicted M. A. Pierce

Yesterday

FOR OBSTRUCTING THE WALK

Justice Hagarty Took the Case Under
Advisement and More Liverrmen
May Be Arrested.

M. A. Pierce, the Oakes street liveryman, was convicted by a jury in police court yesterday of violating the street ordinance relative to blocking sidewalks. The case was taken under advisement until tomorrow. Pierce was arrested some time ago for leaving his carriage on the sidewalk, and there being some question as to the validity of the ordinance, Judge Hagarty was anxious that the case should be tried by a jury and a test made in this instance. The law is being violated every day by men that run their carriages on the walk when not in use, and if the ordinance is sustained by the courts other arrests will follow.

Cochran Released on Bail.
Sheriff McQueen arrested John H. Cochran in Detroit and yesterday morning he was arraigned in police court on a charge of false pretenses. He was arrested on complaint of ex-Warden Watkins of Rockford, who accuses him of securing his signature to notes as an endorser, amounting to \$750, by making false representations to him concerning his financial standing. Cochran and Watkins were associated in business at the time the representation is alleged to have been made, after which Cochran skipped to Detroit and Watkins was obliged to pay the notes. Cochran was married in Detroit last Saturday and had settled down to enjoy a happy honeymoon, when the sheriff took him away from the fond embraces of his newly wedded wife. He pleaded not guilty to the charge when arraigned and his examination was set for July 21. He was released on bonds to the amount of \$1,000 for his appearance.

Watch the Buffalo Bug.
The Buffalo bug is a bad citizen, and gets in his work this season. He is described as a dark brown gentleman, not unlike the lady-bug in shape. Woolen goods of any kind tickle his appetite, and he just does on moquette and wilton carpet. He has been known to start at the edge of a carpet and rug sometimes and eat his way entirely around the room. Again he will get into the crack of a floor, and devastation lies in his track from one side of the room to the other in a straight line. Only poison of the para green type will lay him out, and then his twin brother is apt to be on to the funeral ready to take his place. Turpentine is also recommended.

Gathered in a Gang.
A telephone message from South Grand Rapids last night to the sheriff's office announced that a gang of toughs was making it unpleasant for that community, and Deputies Dougherty, Leonard and Unbrook went to investigate. They soon returned with Henry Papan and Edward Shupe, who were locked up in jail. Papan said his home was in Albany and that he was a sailor. Shupe gave his residence as Philadelphia and his occupation as a boiler-maker. The deputies returned to look for the remainder of the crowd, but they had disappeared when they arrived. The crowd was making preparations to camp for the night and the citizens were frightened.

Carrie Drove Too Fast.
Careless Carrie Campbell was arrested yesterday on a warrant sworn out by Liverrman Shaver for cruelty to animals. She hired a rig July 4 and taking one female and two male companies drove out to her center to celebrate the Fourth. The team was returned by a small boy and was badly used up over-driving. Carrie has been in court before on a charge of fast driving.

Police Court Notes.
John Bugle was convicted in police court yesterday of a breach of the peace and was sentenced to the county jail for thirty days. His offense consisted of carrying a small boy who had offended him.

Deputy Sheriff De Young returned from Marshall yesterday with Christian Casperson, who is accused of stealing a bicycle. He was locked up in jail to await examination.

Gerrit Boet was arrested for violating the street ordinance and he will have an examination in police court July 13.

Sentence was suspended yesterday upon Cornelius De Hughes, arrested for assault and battery.

Matt Slatery was up for trial in the superior court for violating the liquor law.

Frank Anderson's saloon case was adjourned until July 23.

LAW AND LAWYERS.

Superior Court.
JUDGE BURLINGAME.

Alfred C. Sekell vs. Joel Collins, Hiram Collins and William W. Thomas, debt; trial resumed.

Ira C. Hatch vs. Owashtanong Boat Club; summary; motion for retrial of costs.

People vs. Jacob Gaaebach, larceny, over \$25; pleaded not guilty; C. A. Watt appointed to defend; changed plea to guilty; sentenced to house of correction at Lons for one year.

Ira C. Hatch vs. the Owashtanong Boat Club; summary; motion for order allowing custodian's fees argued and submitted.

Ella A. Hembling vs. City of Grand Rapids, trespass on the case; motion for a new trial granted.

Josephine Moore vs. Alphonso A. Moore, in chancery; hearing upon report of commissioner and proof of complaint taken in open court; decree

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Doyle's Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ALL OF THEM BAD

The Notorious Family of

Wilkes

TURNED OUT MANY CRIMINALS

George Wilkes Who Died Recently in
New York Was the Leader
of a Gang.

"George" Wilkes, who died in a New York hospital a few days ago, was one of the handsomest, shrewdest and most accomplished rascals that ever stood before a detective camera. Two days before his death he was picked up in the streets of the metropolis a bleeding mass of humanity. His skull was crushed in and several knife marks were found in the vicinity of the heart. He was unconscious almost to his death, but managed to articulate the words—"they have killed me at last."

Wilkes was the king of forgers and counterfeiters of three continents, America, Europe and Australia. He groomed with the nobility of nearly all the lands of potentates. He called the Prince of Wales his intimate friend and died one of the few ever shown through the harem of the Sultan of Turkey. Yet for twenty years previous to his tragic end he was the leader in all the boldest robberies of the continents on which he operated.

Wilkes last crime, and the one for which he may have died, was committed in Italy in the summer of 1884.



GEORGE WILKES.

He betrayed the companions in the crime and they swore bloody vengeance at the first opportunity. He soon returned to America and tried to live an honest life in New York city, where his parents and living brothers and sisters are highly respectable people. The companions in his last crime went to prison at Milan, Italy.

Wilkes had a fine physique. His hair and moustache turned gray when he was quite young. He had regular features and a florid complexion, always dressed well, and was a clever conversationalist. Though he was invariably known as "George," his name is Henry Wade Wilkes.

Wilkes began life as a clerk in the general office of the Erie railway. He became an expert at dealing cards and when 27 years old left regular employment to follow gambling as a means of livelihood. He subsequently opened one of the leading gaming houses on upper Broadway. He began a rapid pace which even the immense proceeds of his establishment would not meet, so he took to forgery. In a few years time he cleared over a quarter of a million. One of his checks on the Board of Education of New York amounted to \$10,000. He cashed it successfully, but was subsequently arrested for the crime. His tracks had been thoroughly covered up, however, and he was discharged on a technicality. His brother, Thomas G., who also went astray, got caught in the same deal, and is now serving a term in Sing Sing for his penmanship. Mary, a beautiful sister, who also had criminal inclinations, died as a result of the disclosures which unveiled her own double life. At the time of her death, she was the wife of John Redfield, president of the Hartford National bank. It was through

her agency that several of her brother's big checks were cashed. The elder brother's next job was to engineer a big whisky deal by bribing the New York appraiser. As a result he cleared \$40,000. He then went West in company with an English crook by the name of Dedera. They met Joseph Chapman, whose wife was murdered in New York not long ago. The trio started West from Chicago on a foraging tour and when they reached San Francisco they divided something like a million dollars between them. They "owned" the city of the Golden Gates for the next three months spending money so lavishly that all three went broke. Then they started South, by steamer, to Panama. On the way they held up the boat and escaped with \$100,000 cash. They next turned up in Europe. In Liverpool they opened a bank on their own account and managed to unload some \$200,000 worth of railroad bonds. It was in 1881 that Wilkes and his gang, including the famous Silvio Bixio, "Shell" Hamilton, Bernanoff, Ed Burns and a dozen other noted forgers, counterfeiters, burglars



MARY WILKES.

and confidence men swooped down on Milan, Italy, with forged and stolen bonds and bank notes with over \$1,500,000 total value. There Wilkes met his Waterloo and had his first taste of prison life. He could not stand it and secured his release late in 1884 in consideration of making a full confession of all the crimes of his confederates and himself. Many of them are still

other. It is simply impossible. Try it and see. As he stood there gazing vacantly at nothing in particular, shrinking visibly in his clothes and feeling his plastered hair rise slowly on end, the two typewriter girls, happily oblivious hitherto of each other's existence, turned and looked at each other.

Then they looked at him again, with an expression of frozen scorn in their eyes, two windows came down with a simultaneous bang and Nos. 1 and 2 went to their work.

From that time to this they have utterly ignored him.

He has moved his desk to a corner of the office where he can see neither window.

He tries to look cheerful and unconcerned, but he is a changed young man. His old gold mustache, once his pride and the object of his loving care, looks discouraged, forlorn and drooping.

The fire has gone from his eye and his hair, its glossy smoothness all departed, has a wilted, forlorn look about it that tells of a once glowing, but now dead and gone ambition.

And as he goes about his daily task, with his trousers no longer creased, the quarter of an inch long nails that once gave an aristocratic air to each little finger now roughly gnawed off, a faded tie about his neck, old slippers on his feet, a three days' growth of beard on his face, and the general look of a person who hasn't anything to live for and doesn't care to have, he affords a solemn warning all your men not to undertake rashly a flirtation with two typewriter girls at the same time.—Chicago Tribune.

BICYCLES SIXTY YEARS AGO.

They Were Invented by a German Baron, Who Called Them "Tresinae."

Cyclers will be interested in this talk from the Baltimore Sun: "It was about the year 1817," said William Boucher, Jr., one of our oldest and best-known citizens, recently, "that I visited Baron von Tresel, a poor nobleman of Mannheim, in the grand duchy of Baden, my native place, and he showed me a number of inventions, among which was the bicycle.

PERFIDY UNVEILED.

An End to the Jekyll-and-Hyde Game of a Would Be Lover.

"By George, that's another one!" The blond young man with the plastered hair and old gold mustache chuckled softly to himself and looked again across the way.

"And she's a better looking one than the girl at the other window!" he soliloquized, after as critical an examination of the new face as the nature of the case would permit.

He was a bookkeeper in the employ of a real estate firm whose office was on one of the upper floors of a downtown sky scraper, and for several hours each day, while the members of the firm were scouring the streets for business or giving exclusive "scops" to every real estate reporter in the city, he had the room to himself.

During the frequent spells of loneliness that came upon him he had cultivated by degrees the acquaintance of a typewriter girl who sat at a window across the court that separated the two wings of the great office building.

It had come to be understood that their regular morning greeting, repeated now and then during the day, was a smile and nod on his part and a nod and smile on hers.

One day, while temporarily at work at another desk than his own, he chanced to look across the court and found himself opposite a window near which sat another typewriter girl whom he had not seen before, and, as already related, she struck him as being a handsome young woman.

Thereupon he set himself to work to cultivate her acquaintance also.

It was a slow process. It took him some time merely to impress upon her, as a circumstance worth noting, the fact that he was there.

But he persisted. Without suffering his acquaintance with Typewriter Girl No. 1 to lapse in the slightest degree, it became his custom while suffering from his loneliness—his tired feeling—to repair to the desk that brought Typewriter Girl No. 2 within the range of his vision, lean his head upon his hand, and look at her with an expression of deep melancholy on his face that would have softened the heart of a cab driver.

For a long time she seemed oblivious, but one day, while he was regarding her with his most pensive and wooebegone gaze, he was surprised to see her lean her head on her hand and fix her eyes upon him with an exaggerated look of anguish on her own face.

The mimicry was perfect, and in the laugh that followed it the acquaintance was established on a basis of reciprocity.

The regular salutation between the young man and Typewriter Girl No. 2 thus came to be different from that of No. 1.

After he had exchanged his nod and smile at his own desk with No. 1 he would wander in a casual way to the other desk, out of sight of No. 1, and exchange a look of the most profound melancholy, usually followed by a wave of the hand, with No. 2; and in these recreations and diversions the blond young man relieved the monotony of his lonely hours, and plumed himself not a little, moreover, upon his powers of fascination.

What it might all have led to had not an unexpected occurrence, an event bordering closely upon tragedy, broken in upon the current of his existence—but let us not anticipate.

One morning there was an alarm of fire close at hand. From the court between the two sections of the building only a glimpse of the street could be had, but the sentimental bookkeeper ran to the nearest window, raised it, thrust his head out and looked toward the street to see if the fire engines were gathering.

Directly across the court two windows, pertaining to two different offices, were raised at the same moment and two female heads were thrust out simultaneously.

They were the heads of Typewriter Girls Nos. 1 and 2.

No. 1 looked at him with a smile and nodded.

No. 2 assumed an expression of the most lugubrious melancholy and waved her hand in the usual manner.

The blond young man looked helplessly from one to the other and wilted. His hour had come.

He couldn't smile and nod in one direction while looking melancholy in the

OUR LADIES' COLUMN!

OFFICE OF SPRING & COMPANY.

Grand Rapids, Mich., July 10, 1892.

Probably no season of the year permits of so wide a range in the selection of ladies' wearing apparel as do the Summer months, taxing the resources of an ordinary store in a city like this beyond its ability to furnish. Sombre weaves give way to myriads of breezy bright summer costumes, exquisite novelties, fabrics that resemble gay flowers dipped in sunlight or bathed in mellow moonbeams. Refreshing to look at, cool and comfortable to the wearers, as dashing and elegant as the owner chooses to have them made, and still entirely within the bounds of style and propriety. To serve everything, no matter what is called for is our mission here. So long as it bears out the high standard of quality maintained in our every department. This requires no ordinary effort. Grand Rapids demands such a store and we are candidly told every day that ours is such. It's no easy task, however, permits of no opportunities to rest. A man on every watch tower of the world heralds to us the first news of new born ideas after they have ripened into tangible facts. No sooner are they materialized when the great ships from England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Italy and other countries, cast loose from their moorings, well laden with consignments to America and our store. This may be said of American products also; we know where the best is made, and we get it.

Dress Talk

Is a subject always interesting, always pertinent. Today we have a word or two to say which ought to, and will be, of keen interest to every woman. We'll begin with

Blue Monday Relishes.

Blue because the cloth is blue (Navy Blue). A complete assortment of popular Navy Blue fabrics from 50c to 1.25 per yard. 50 pieces (10 styles), all colors, at 25c. 36 pieces (8 styles) at 38c. 42 pieces (12 styles) at 45c, 48c and 50c.

Jackets and Reefers

Are next to wheel into line. Here are two stupendous bargains: 1 lot miscellaneous wraps and mantles at 4.75. 1 lot jackets, colored and black at \$4.50. You would be greatly surprised to know the regular price of these garments. Come and see them.

What a comfortable experience to step out of that conventional habit into a ready-to-put-on Wrapper, especially when it combines, style, good workmanship and cheapness. We have just received a fresh supply in Calico, Cambric and Lawn material.

Have you visited our store within the last two days? Then you have not seen the new line of Ladies' Waists which we are offering at under market figures. Dainty affairs, some of them in hair line stripes of pink and blue percale, full fronts, the latest fancy to heighten the effect of blazer suits. They cost you but \$1.25.

Another dainty design comes in Silkin, a material which will at once win the admiration of dress connoisseurs.

Fine Black French Sateen with frilled front, cuffs and collars, \$1.75. Sold everywhere \$2.25.

Bargains in Ladies' Hose.

75 dozen fast black at 27c.
75 dozen full regular made and warranted fast black, 18c.
Worth 37c and 40c.

Most excellent bargains are those men's Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, at 25c each. The quality is superb for the price.

Gentlemen, Do You Appreciate a Good Thing?

Then supply yourself with a number of those splendid unlaundried white shirts at 50 cents each. Money cannot buy a better shirt for wear or appearance.

For Sweet Repose.

25 pieces Hemstitched Pillow Casing (bleached) can be purchased at our store, this week, for 20c per yard.

The week beginning July 11 will be potent with rich returns if the objective point is made the store of

SPRING
AND
COMPANY